PHOTOGRAPHS

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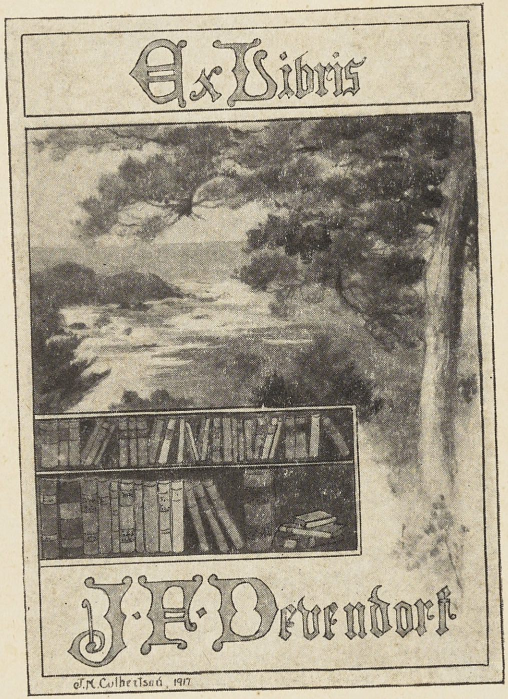

Ex Libris
J·A·Devendorf
J.N. Culbertson, 1917

To J. F. D.

Jovial Friendly Doctor,
Joyous Flying Driver,
Jaunty Festive Developer -
and
Everybody's Friend
This little book is affectionately
dedicated by two of the indebted.

Daphne Jomlbertson

On the wild Pacific Ocean-
Where the abalones dwell,
Is a tall and stately mansion
With an obelisk of shell.

All around its recessed corners
Stand the stately frazzled pa'ms,
And they too-zle, tee-zle, tozzle,
As the wind swirls through in psa'ms-

Nestling close beside the mansion
Are the ragged, wild banan' -
And beneath their doubtful shadeness,
Rests - at times - a brave Uhlan.

Up a long and winding way,
Through a flowery, shelly, trail,
Stands a lady, dressed in whiteness
With a white fish by the tail.

Round about are slews of blossoms
And some fountains, very dry;
But alas! an ointment never
Was, but had its fly.

If you walk up to the lady.
And sit down close to her side,
You'll be tick-led most to death,
If you very long abide.

If you listen most par-tick-'lar,
You will hear her chant this lay:
"Don't you feel the ticks a-crawling,
Crawling, crawling in the morning!
Up your neck and down your back
Rub! scrub!
Smack! whack!
In they go, and there they stay,
May come out some other day:
Crawling-crawl-y, crawl-y-crawl!-

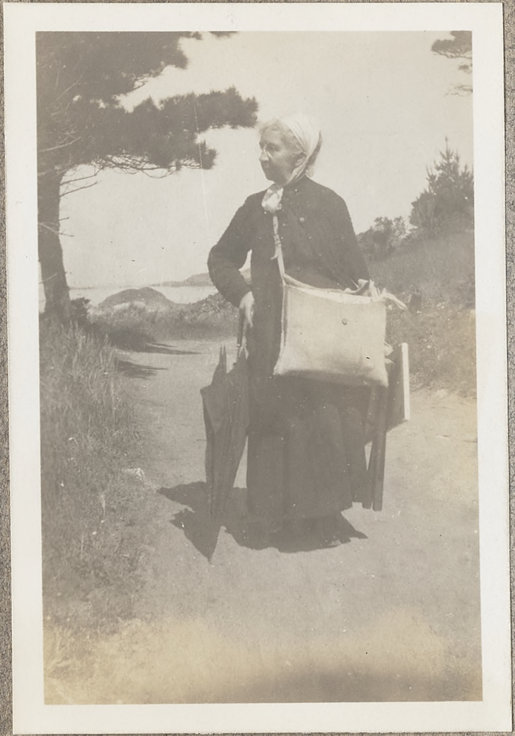
To this calm and wave-beat shore,
Maidens five did come to dwell.
Loaded down with paints & canvas.
But young, or old I will not tell.

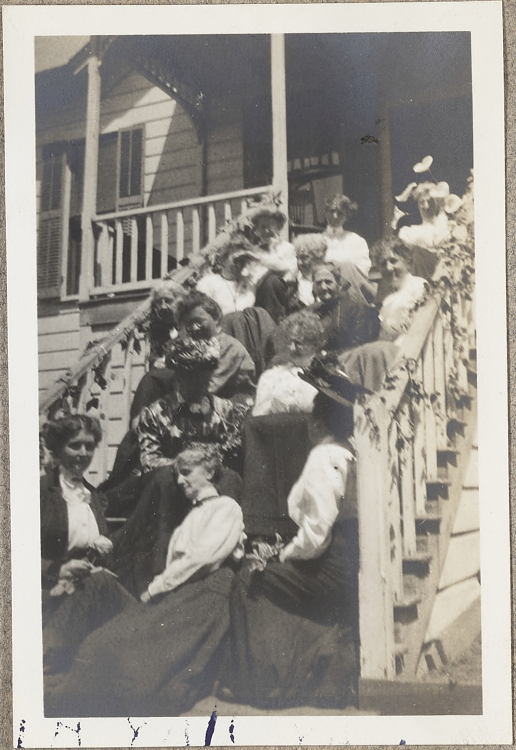
Many days they sang and painted,
Nothing sad their joys e'er tainted,
And they voted J. F. D.
A Trump for his gen-er-os-i-tee -

Miss Newhall
Miss Morgan
Miss Farrington

and

"The Johnkertsons."





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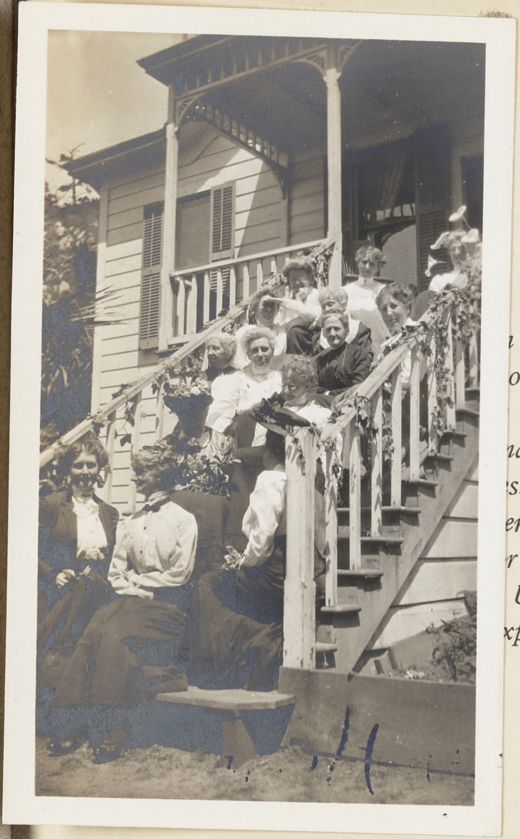
A GAY DAY AT "OCEAN HOME"

The night is calm and cloudless,
And still as still can be,
And the stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea.
They gather, and gather, and gather,
Until they crowd the sky,
And listen in breathless silence
To the solemn litany.
It begins in rocky caverns,
As a voice that chants alone
To the pedals of the organ
In monotonous undertone ;
And anon from shelving beaches,
And shallow sands beyond,
In snow-white robes uprising,
The ghostly choirs respond.
And sadly and unceasing
The mournful voice sings on,
And the snow-white choirs still answer,
Christe eleison !

— Longfellow.



the pathless woods,
on the lonely shore;
none intrudes,
nd music in its roar.
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erviews, in which I steal
r have been before,
Universe, and feel
xpress, yet cannot all conceal.

— *Byron.*

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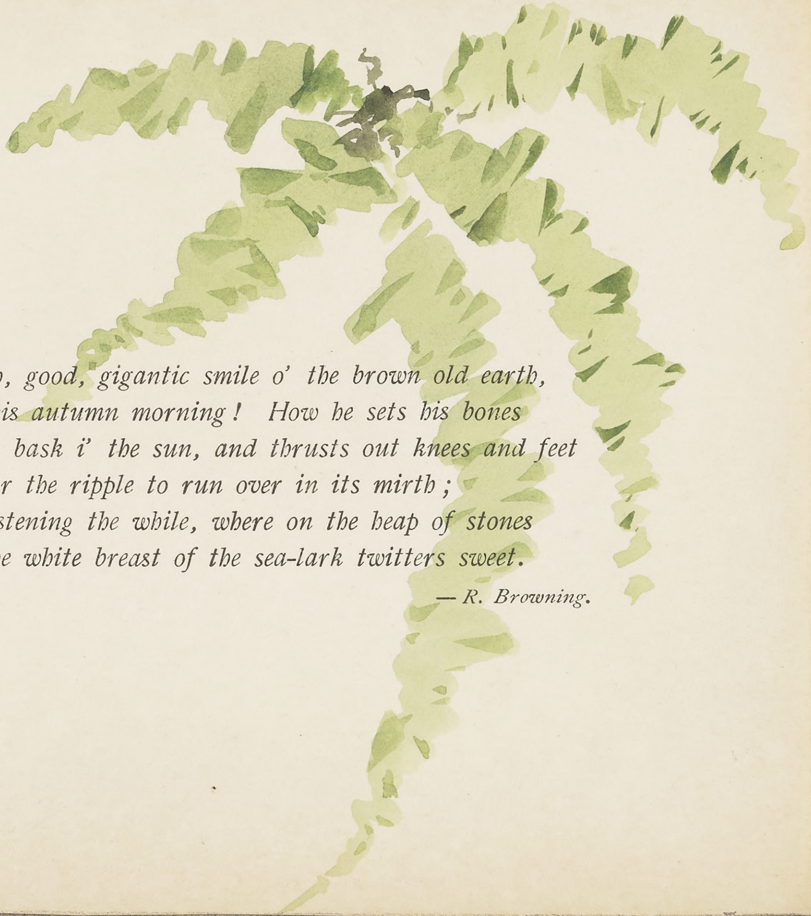
There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

— *Byron.*

Nay, come up hither from this wave-washed mound;
Unto the furthest flood-brim look with me;
Then reach on with thy thought till it be drowned.
Miles and miles distant though the last line be,
And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond,
Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there is more sea.

—D. G. Rossetti.



Oh, good, gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,
This autumn morning! How he sets his bones
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
For the ripple to run over in its mirth;
Listening the while, where on the heap of stones
The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.

— R. Browning.

Now rest we, where this grassy mound
His feet hath set
In the great waters, which have bound
His granite ankles greenly round
With long and tangled moss, and weeds with
cool spray wet.

Good bye to pain and care! I take
Mine ease today:
Here where these sunny waters break,
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts
away.

—*Whittier.*

The sunlight glitters keen and bright,
Where, miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy gray.

The tremulous shadow of the sea!
Against its ground
Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,
Still as a picture, clear and free,
With varying outline mark the coast for miles around.

—*Whittier.*

High tide, and the year at ebb:
The sea is a dream today:
The sky is a gossamer web
Of sapphire, and pearl, and gray:
A veil over rock and boat;
A breath on the tremulous blue,
Where the dim sails lie afloat,
Or, unaware, slip from view.
They veer to the rosy ray;
They dusk to the violet shade;
Like a thought they flit away;
Like a foolish hope they fade.

—Lucy Larcom.

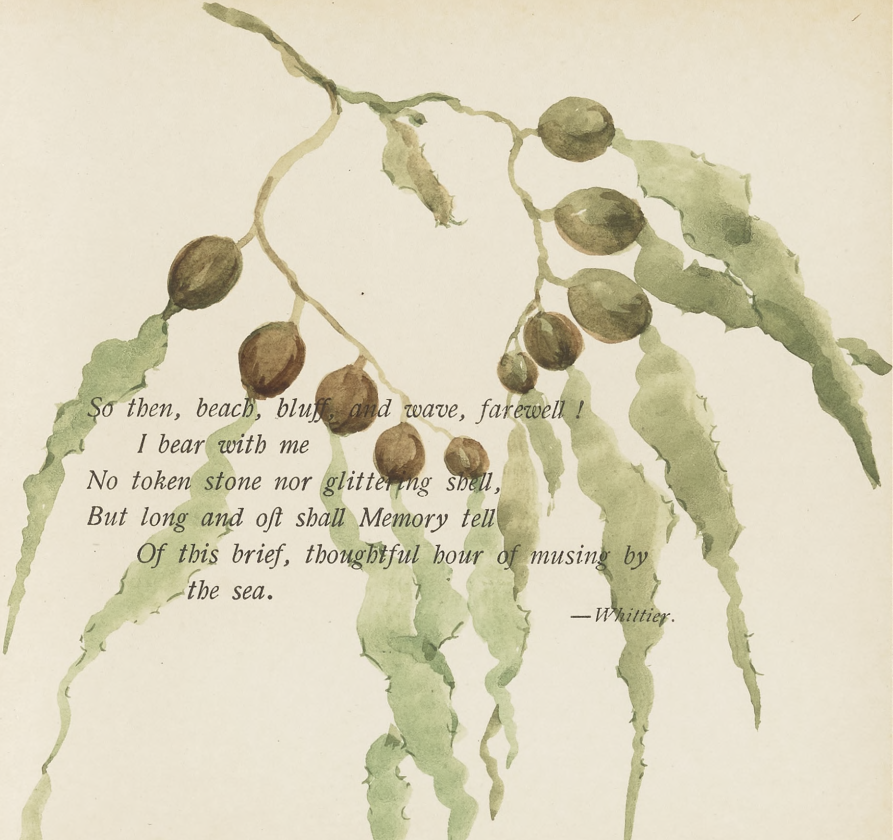
The golden sea its mirror spreads
Beneath the golden skies,
And but a narrow strip between
Of land and shadow lies.
The sea is but another sky,
The sky a sea as well ;
And which is earth, and which the heavens,
The eye can scarcely tell.
So when for us life's evening hour,
Soft passing, shall descend,
May glory born of earth and heaven
The earth and heavens blend ;
Flooded with peace the spirit float,
With silent rapture glow,
Till where earth ends, and heaven begins,
The soul shall scarcely know !

— Samuel Longfellow.

A calm more deep,
As 'twere asleep,
Upon the weary ocean falls;
So low it sighs,
Its murmur dies,
While shrill the boding cricket calls.

O peace and rest!
Upon the breast
Of God himself I seem to lean;
No break, no bar
Of sun or star;
Just God and I, with naught between.

J. W. Chadwick.



So then, beach, bluff, and wave, farewell !
I bear with me
No token stone nor glittering shell,
But long and oft shall Memory tell
Of this brief, thoughtful hour of musing by
the sea.

—Whittier.